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POEMS,
ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

BY

SERULAN.

Laurens

...

CHARLESTON:
JOHN RUSSELL.
1854.

CHARLESTON :
HARPER AND CALVO, PRINTERS,
82 Chalmers-st.

Dedication.

TO

HOWARD H. CALDWELL,

THESE OFFERINGS OF A YOUTHFUL MUSE ARE DEDICATED,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

(RECAP)

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TRANSLATIONS.

GREEK CHORUS.—IPHIGENEIA IN TAURIS.

EURIPIDES, LINE 1090.

STROPHE A.

Oh, bird, that from the lofty steep,
Of Ocean's white, and foaming, deep,
Doth utter oft thy piteous wail of woe,
Thee I will join a wingless bird,
Who hast thy strains of sorrow heard,
I, that wish to the warlike Greeks to go ;
I, that seek the sweet-leaved Bay ;
I, that search for the olive gray,
And I, that seek the large boughed laurel too,
The only aid that suffering Leto knew !
The lake, whose waters whirl around,
I seek, where tuneful swans abound,
And float upon its waves of azure hue !

ANTISTROPHE A.

Mine eyes were wet with many tears,
Which blazoned forth my inward fears,
When in the hostile ships, with oars and spears,
I entered as a captive—bound—
For by much money have I found
A resting in this land that soothes my fears,
Where Agamemnon's holy child
Is Priestess of the Goddess mild ;
For know ! The hind-destroying God is mine,
Lowly I bend me at her victim'd shrine !
And yet I live in utter woe,
From grief to greater grief I go,
For me no angels wreaths of pleasure twine.

ANTISTROPHE A. CON.

But he, to mournful sorrow born,
Does not in sorrow always mourn.
For Fortune is a faithless, fickle God !
A God that never constant proves,
E'en to the being that he loves ;
Since his sad path in change by all is trod.
Not happy one, who from his birth,
Hath never known the sins of Earth.

For he, to whom seems kind propitious Fate,
When sorrows come, feels them a grievous weight;
And heavy is his mourning heart,
When, from his joy, he's called to part,
And sadness comes to be his lonely mate.

STROPHE B.

The fifty oars that skim the sea,
To the Argive land will lead thee,
Across the foaming and the billowy tide;
That boat strong built by Argive hand,
Safe will lead thee to the Argive land,
•Where haughty knights their well trained chargers ride!
Argos! the oft-told land of song,
Where poesy and love belong:
Where richest music from the wax joined pipe
Of mountain-nourished Pan is ever ripe.
The prophet, there, Apollo, dwells,
Who all things right and just foretells,
And doth grief and sorrow from the future wipe!

STROPHE B. CON.

The strains of the seven-stringed lyre,
That sound in notes of Heavenly fire,

And wrap the listening soul in ecstasies,
In Argos are, and from those strings
Apollo heavenly music brings ;
And e'en the Muses, from the azure skies,
Do sing with him in strains of love,
The strains the Gods do sing above.
He will conduct thee, with his tuneful band,
To Minerva's City—Heavenly Land—
And when at last he has deserted thee,
With the dripping oars, he then will be
Afar off, from this quiet, Grecian, land !

ANTISTROPHE B.

Oh, would that I might go to where
The sun rides on in high career ;
Or at my own, my long-loved, precious home,
I might no longer feel the woe,
That tracks me wheresoe'er I go ;
Or would that I might stand where dances come,
And trip with my companions gay,
Beneath the sweet-hued sun of May ;
And then, a high born girl, I might arouse,
The feelings of some haughty, well-born spouse.
Then would I rest in sweet content,
No woes nor sorrows I'd lament,
But peacefully would share a husband's house.

GREEK CHORUS.—IPHIGENEIA IN AULIS.

EURIPIDES, LINE 750.

To SIMOIS, with its silver stream.
The Grecian host in arms will go,
And on their shields the sun's bright beam
Shall shine in a most brilliant glow.
At Ilium, too, and Troy's proud plain,
The Greeks will chant their martial strain,
For there, Cassandra, laurel-crowned,
With golden locks may still be found,
To whom the Gods prophetic power do give,
Among the brave and warlike Greeks to live.

On Troy's proud towers the Trojans stand,
And all around her firm built walls,
Where warlike Mars, with savage hand,
Upon the Grecian Helen calls!
The sister of Jove's son in Heaven.
To whom all power of rule is given;
For savage Mars the maid would seize,
And bear her far away to Greece,
With his all brazen shields and pointed spears,
Regardless of her bitter cries and tears!

The Phrygian city he'll surround,
With martial arms and hostile spears,
Then all the warriors being bound,
No wailing cries or grieving tears
Will stay his bloody murderous hand,
But having ravaged all the land,
And having slain their loved ones all,
Deep woe shall on the conquered fall,
Oppressed with anxious thought and gloomy fears,
The Queen and child of Priam weep in tears!

And Jove-born Helen will deplore,
In lamentations deep and drear,
Her fated lover now no more,
Her valiant lover, once so dear.
Who will not rend her silken hair?
Who will not shed a bitter tear?
All low are laid our country's walls,
And now in dust that country falls,
For thee, proud daughter of the bird whose neck,
In silvery grandeur, pure white plumes bedeck,
For thee, if it be true that Mighty Jove,
Changed to a beauteous bird, sought woman's love.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.—ECLOGUE FIRST.

MELIBÆUS AND TITYRUS.

Melibæus.

You, Tityrus, reclined beneath the shade,
That, by the widely spreading beech is made,
In quiet, practice oft, your woodland lay,
While we must from our country's borders stray !
The cruel fates force us to leave our land,
But you are held by no such sad command.
Fair Amaryllis thou dost praise in song,
And breathe her name the woodlands streams along !

Tityrus.

A God, oh, Melibæus, wills it thus,
For he will ever be a God to us ;
And we shall, yearly, his proud altar stain
With blood of fattest lambkin from our plain !
'Tis he who bids my grazing heifers feed,
In fields, where I may tune my rural reed !

Melibæus.

I envy not, but rather, wonder much
To see that thy condition should be such,

When war sweeps o'er the country like a flood,
 And all around the land is bathed in blood.
 When I, though sick, my precious lambs must drive
 Away from fields where they did alway live.
 And even now, one of my tender flock
 Yeaned twins, and left them on the flinty rock.
 My oaks, with lightening struck, forebode this woe,
 As also did the prophecying crow.
 But tell, oh, Tityrus, what God is he,
 That makes thee, from these bitter sorrows, free?

Tityrus.

I, Melibæus, thought the city Rome
 Was like unto this Mantua near our home,
 Where we, poor shepherds, oft were wont to drive
 The tender offspring when our folds did thrive,
 As whelps from dogs, and kids from dams spring all,
 So was I wont to rank great things with small.
 But mighty Rome lifts up its head more high
 Than all the cities that around it lie.
 Just as the tow'ring cypress does above
 The limber shrubs that bloom within the grove.

Melibæus.

And when, oh, Tityrus, you left your home,
 What weighty reason bade you visit Rome?

Tityrus.

'Twas liberty that called me hence away,
Tho' once she spurned, she now became my stay,
When Galatæa cast me off from her,
And I was ruled by Amaryllis fair.
For I could never peace or freedom have,
While fate did make me Galatæa's slave.
Though many victims went from out my fold,
And off'rings rich, too countless to be told,
Were to the ungrateful city duly sent,
Yet I returned as poor as when I went.

Melibæus.

I, truly, Amaryllis, wondered why
Thou didst invoke the Gods with tearful eye.
And why the apples on their branches hung,
While you in saddened strains of sorrow sung !
But now a reason for your grief has come—
Thy lover true away from thee did roam.
The very pines, oh Tityrus, and streams,
That glistened in fair Luna's brightest beams,
The very groves adorned with mossy fern,
Thee absent, all invited to return.

Tityrus.

What could I, Melibæus do? While here,
My slavery and thralldom I must bear ;

Nor were the Gods propitious to my fate,
While Galatæa held me as her mate.
Twas there, at Rome, I saw that youth divine,
To whom, for twice six days, our altars shine
Each year, as seasons do their steps impel,
With precious incense, pleasant to the smell.
And there his gracious answer first he gave,
That I in strict remembrance e'er will have,
"Ye swains your bullocks yoke, your lambkins feed,
And tune, as oft of yore, your sylvan reed."

Melibeus.

Thou'rt blessed, to whom thy lands shall still remain,
And large enough for thee—an humble swain.
Though naked stones, and marsh should spread around
Thy pleasant meadows, and thy pasture ground;
No unwished food will taint thy tender ewe.
More haply blessed than thee there rank but few.
Here, happy, you may still enjoy the shade,
That by the widely spreading trees is made:
And, by the well-known founts, and sacred streams,
You may recline, where sweet the zephyr seems.
Here is a hedge, that marks the adjoining bound,
Whose sallow bloom the Hyblæan bees surround,
Whose gentle hummings court for thee sweet sleep;
While there, a lofty rock juts out full steep,
'Neath which the axeman sings a long, loud, song,
Which echoes, all the heaven built arch, along.

Nor shall the hoarse wood pigeon cease to coo,
Or constant turtle-dove its mate to woo.

Tityrus.

For all these weighty reasons, then, I swear,
That sooner shall the fleet stag feed on air,
The seas receive their kindred fish no more,
The Parthian quaff the wave on Saone's shore,
The German exile of the Tigris drink,
Than I, of this my God, shall cease to think ;
Or e'er his lovely image elsewhere rest,
Than in the confines of my grateful breast.

Melibeus.

But we, alas ! all exiled, must away.
A part to thirsty Africa will stray ;
To Scythia some, and Oaxes of Crete,
Where we no kindred spirit e'er shall meet :
And some again to Britains exiled isle,
Cut off from every-friend's endearing smile.
Oh shall I ever, after lapse of years,
See once again the land my love that bears !
Shall I behold my agéd cot again,
The palace where I once was wont to reign,
All covered o'er with turf of living green !
Alas !—alas !—these things shall ne'er be seen !
A savage takes my lands, and flocks forlorn,
And all my spreading fields of standing corn.

Oh see, what evil civil discord brings on all,
What woes on us, poor, wretched, citizens do fall.
See, see, for what we've sown the fertile field,
Their produce to a stranger hand to yield!
Now graft the pear tree, and arrange the vine,
But, Melibæus, lost are fields of thine.
Begone my goats, begone once happy flock,
No more ye'll climb with me the lofty rock ;—
Nor I, reclining in my verdant grot,
Behold you sporting near the happy spot.
No carols will I sing ; My goats, no more
You'll crop the bitter herb the meadows o'er,
Nor, from the chrystal brook, drink water pure,
While, by me tended, ye should feel secure.

Tityrus.

Yet here, oh Melibæus, stay this night,
Beneath my roof, until the morning's light.
We've wholesome water from the sparkling stream,
With apples, chesnuts, and some curds and cream.
And now tis time for you some roof to seek,
As shelter from the nightly breezes bleak ;
Since the departing sun's last golden beam,
Above the distant village-top, doth gleam !

TO MÆCENAS.

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 1ST.

MÆCENAS ! thou, from royal fathers sprung,
Whose praise in every note of fame is sung,
Thou art my strong protector and my guide !
To some 'tis pleasing in the race to ride,
And whom, the Goal, shun by the glowing wheel,
Aloft doth raise and makes immortal feel.
One man is pleased, if fickle Romans strive
To make him 'neath their threefold honors live !
A second seeks to place within his store
Whate'er is swept from every Lybian floor !
A third there is, who loves to plough his field,
And he, not all the wealth that earth can yield,
Would tempt (a sailor in a Cyprian bark)
To breast the fury of the billows dark,
That ever rage within th' Ægean Sea !
The fearful merchant, too, aye, even he,
While roar the winds around th' Icarian wave,
His home doth praise, 'till calm has made him brave ;
But when the danger of the deep is past,
His snowy canvass bends it to the mast !
Another loves to sip the Massic wine,
And 'neath the cool arbutus' shade recline !

The trumpet's note, that sounds the camp around,
The loving mother hears with grief profound ;
But other hearts are glad to hear the song,
That bids them mingle with the warlike throng !
The huntsman, heedless of his tender spouse,
In open air remains, the hart to rouse ;
And well-wrought nets he spreads the prairies o'er,
Wherewith to catch the savage Marsian boar !
Placed on my peaceful brow, the ivy crown
From Heaven doth bring me Godlike pleasure down !
And I'm distinguished from the motley throng,
By Satyr's dance, and tuneful Nymph's gay song ;
If kind Euterpe grants her notes of fire,
And Polyhymnia tunes her Lesbian lyre !
But rank me with the lyric bards, and I
Will soar, in glory, to the azure sky !

TO LEUCONÆ.

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 11.

Ask not, Leuconæ, to know (for 'tis not right)
How long a life is yours or mine ;
Nor seek with the Chaldaean dates to tell the flight
Of what is hid from mind of thine.
How nobler far it is to bear whate'er shall be
Almighty Jove's high, fixed, immutable, decree !

If he should will another winter to our land,
Or this which breaks the Tuscan sea
Against the rocks, be e'en the last by his command,
With aught we should contented be,
That comes from him, who rules alone both Heaven and
Earth,
And factures laws to govern men of human birth.

Be thou, then, Luconæ, wise ! filtrate thy wine !
And as thy life cannot be long,
Think not that countless hours of future still are thine,
But let this ever be thy song—
Enjoy the present hour, for thou canst never know,
But what the next one in thy grave shall lay thee low.

TO VENUS.

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 30.

Oh, Venus, held in Cnidus and in Paphos Queen,
Leave Cyprus now—thy chosen isle—
Transport thyself to where Glycera's dome is seen,
With incense sweet, she seeks thy smile.

Let Cupid, the all-glowing boy, thy steps attend,
And Graces, with their zones untied,
And let young Hebe, too, her pleasing presence lend,
Charmless save when to thee allied.

Let Mercury, the noble God of language soft,
Attend thee in the wished for train,
And may the vows that here Glycera sends aloft,
Not all be uttered quite in vain !

AGAINST ROMAN LUXURY.

HORACE, XVIII. ODE, 2ND BOOK.

No ivory, nor fretted roof of gold
In splendor, shines within my home.
No pure and spotless stone of worth untold,
For me decks out a princely dome.
Not far Numidia's marble, white as snow,
Is here to charm the gazing eye,
No wealth of Attalus is mine to show,
Nor his inheritor am I.
In my domain no high-born maidens spin
The Spartan robe of purple hue;
But honor, peace and genius too are mine,
For greater wealth I do not sue.
To me, though poor, the rich do pay their court,
The Deities shield me from harm,
From richer friends I seek not for support,
Contented with my Sabine farm.
Times change: and day drives off its father-day,
The changing moons do wax and wane,
Yet happy in my fertile fields I stray;
Nor find in golden ore my bane.
But ye, though standing on the grave's wide wreck,
Have marble cut by sculptor's skill,

Wherewith your gorgeous palaces to deck !
Such thoughts your dying hour do fill.
And not contented, e'en with this, seek ye
To labour farther in the deep,
And build thy proud domain within the sea
That doth round ancient Baiæ sweep.
Why do ye trespass on your neighbor's ground,
And move the landmark of his right,
Why, why, do ye remove thy client's bound,
And trample on him in thy might !
While weeping wife and husband leave their home,
With squalid children fed on woe,
In poverty and want abroad to roam !
Why, why, oh Romans, do ye so !
Remember that no home awaits more sure
Such rich men than the courts of hell ;—
Why, then, ye heartless, do ye seek for more,
That what to you in justice fell !
Just earth receives the beggar and the king,
In death they both become the same,
Nor will stern Charon e'er Prometheus bring
Back unto us in aught but name !
The race of Tantalus he still doth bind
With chains upon his gloomy shore,
Yet he, a kind relief, will surely find,
For all the sufferings of the Poor !

ORIGINAL.

THE SEASONS.

I.

With careless steps I strayed the other day,
O'er meadows shining 'neath the sun of May.
The birds were singing gaily o'er my head,
While quick from branch to branch in joy they sped.
The sparrow's chirping and the black bird's song
Beguiled the time, as thus I walked along.
All Nature shone in beauty most complete,
The verdant carpet that received my feet!
The budding blossoms on the fruitful trees!
The air, made balmy by the morning breeze!
The arching limbs, that bent and lapped o'er head,
From Sol's bright noonday heat gave welcome shade.

I looked above, the sky was clear.

No cloud was there!

I felt the cooling, pleasant air

Wave thro' my hair!

I heard the birds, their anthems sing ;
And Heaven did ring
With off'rings that to Him they bring
To Whom they cling.
I saw the grass beneath my feet
In one large sheet ;
On trees I saw the blossoms sweet,
Which May doth greet.
I looked on Earth, on Heaven, on Sky,
In ecstasy,
I saw the bright sun from on high
Shine brilliantly.

And then I thought of those who madly say
There is no Heaven, no God ;
That when, beneath the sod,
Our earthly form is laid,
And last sad rites are paid,
Then all is done, our life is o'er ;
We sink in death, to rise no more.

Fools, fools, aye, worse, far worse than fools are they !
For who, save an Almighty One could form
The buds, the blossoms and the flowers :
And who, save He, could shield them from the storm,
Or keep them from all hurtful showers
Or who, save He, could call the day from night,
And make the darkness to be changed to light !

What makes the sun, the moon, the stars to shine,
Save Heaven-sent power, Almighty Lord, of thine!

The gently pencilled rose,
The Queen of flowers,
Who could so well dispose,
That had not powers
Far more than mortal man.
Each bud, full young,
A Heavenly hand did plan.
The birds that sung,
But echoed tones on high,
While they, full sweet,
Flew through the azure sky,
On pinions fleet.

Then if there is a God, in truth, and deed,
There is a future state of bliss or woe.
And should not all of us take heed,
How we do spend our short time here below.

II.

I gazed in Summer on the ripened grain,
I saw the well-fed herd leap o'er the plain.
The Summer sun
Its work had done,
The grain was there.
The reaper's shear

Not yet had cut a blade.
The grass now took a shade
Brighter than its first hue,
And e'en more thick it grew.

The birds still sung within the leafy trees,
Still blew oftimes the welcome, balmy, breeze ;
Still saw I flowers of every kind ;
Still were the fields with verdure lined.

But brighter did all seem,
As if the dying gleam
Of verdure now was near.
The flowing rill, so clear,
Still gushed within the vale,
Man's labour to regale.
All nature still was bright ;
But soon the Autumn blight
Would shed on all its gloom ;
Such was th' unerring doom.

I saw the weary toiler homeward turn,
From fields where brightest rays of heat did burn.
I saw him drink from out the chrystal stream ;
How pure, how precious, did that water seem !
His sadly heated brow I saw him lave
Full long within that sweet, refreshing wave,
And when 'twas done, he turned him to his home,
Since now for him an hour of rest had come.

III.

When cheerless Autumn held her dreary reign,
I stood again within the fertile plain.

But naught was there,
That told of cheer,
For bleak and bare,
The fields they lay,
Though but a day
Had passed since I
Had seen the sky,
Shine brilliantly

O'er crops of corn, but now no sign was found
Of the once fertile plain ;

But leaves of Autumn, strewed upon the ground,
'Told, past was Summer's reign.

These leaves do move me strangely, and I feel
Full sad when they appear.

For thoughts of sorrow through my spirit steal,
When comes the dying year.

The season tells me of a time not long
When I too shall be dying.

Sad memories through my pensive spirit throng
When Autumn winds are sighing.

These leaves forewarners are of the dread hour,
That bids our spirits fly,

To where we shall be judged by that high Power
Which rules the boundless sky.

Their voice is solemn, and their tone is drear.

And mournful to the soul,

Sad, silent tokens of the parting year :

They tell us of the Goal

For which each one of us in hope must strive,

If in the end we wish in Heaven to live.

Ye Autumn leaves! ye Autumn leaves!

The loveliest of them all,

It is not rude October's winds

Alone, that make ye fall.

Ye Autumn leaves! ye Autumn leaves!

The sweetest of them all,

Ye have a tongue in every leaf,

In every leaf so small.

Ye have a tongue that speaks to me,

In Nature's language sweet,

Ye speak in Heavenly tones to me,

Which would I could repeat.

I've raised ye from the ground, ye leaves!

I hold ye in my hand,

Your stems together I have bound,

With a purely white band;

Ye Autumn leaves! ye Autumn leaves!

A story sad ye tell,

Ye tell of brighter, happier hours.

Spent in thy leafy dell.

Ye Autumn leaves ! ye Autumn leaves !

Ye have a nature dear,

Ye cannot stand the cold, rude blast,

The piercing wind ye fear,

But still ye lovely Autumn leaves

Not only fall for fear

Of ice cold wintry blasts, and snow,

But all that ye hold dear,

Lie mouldering on the frozen ground ;

Ye cannot live alone.

Ye Autumn leaves ! ye Autumn leaves !

Ye will not live alone.

Two Autumn leaves I hold before me,

One of the brightest, purest red,

Another one full brown and sere,

Both tell us how old time has sped,

Both tell us of the dying year.

And as I gaze upon these lovely leaves,

Methinks my spirit for their sorrow grieves,

And sad, but pleasant dreams come o'er me.

Ye Autumn leaves ! ye Autumn leaves !

My spirit closely clings to you ;

Oh, would that I could speak

In your sweet language, known to few !

The Autumn winds so bleak,

Thy tender leaves should never hurt,

But all with purely white bands girt.

I'd keep them 'till my spirit leaves
This mournful world of woe and pain,
Its ancient pleasure to regain.
Sad is the sight that Autumn yields,
Full sad and dreary are the fields.
The little birds no longer sing,
No more rich music round they fling,
And yet, though all is dark and drear,
The Autumn skies more bright appear,
As if a recompense for all
The flowers its presence made to fall.
And 'tis a moral we should learn,
From evil e'en some good to turn.
Although life's path be rough and dreary,
And foes, instead of friends, you find,
Though of your journey you feel weary,
Attend the whisper, "Never mind."
Though grief beset your every turn,
And sorrow floats upon the wind,
Though sinful fires around you burn,
Attend the whisper, "Never mind."
When Death draws nigh your happy door,
And breaks the blessed ties that bind,
'Tis then that you should more and more,
Attend the whisper, "Never mind."
When wasting sickness lays you low,
And grief weighs down your troubled mind,

When e'en your friend becomes your foe,
Attend the whisper, "Never mind."
Though sinful men deride your joy,
And tell of you reports unkind,
Though noxious griefs your soul annoy,
Attend the whisper, "Never mind."
Though mournful woes surround you near,
And to deep grief you seem condigned,
Though all conspire to make you fear;
Attend the whisper, "Never mind"!

IV.

'Tis Winter time—and all around.
The snow is lying on the ground,
The little snow birds blithely leap,
And gaily sing,
While from their nests they nimbly creep,
To chant a Christmas carol here,
Where bleak and chilly is the air!
The notes do ring,
Through glittering icicles full bright,
Of snowy white.
The long, long year is growing old,
Its limbs are cold.
Oh, sing a song to lull its sprite,
'Till chilly quite,

Are all its limbs, and stretched in Death,

With no more breath !

And now 'tis o'er ; its life is done ;

Its race is run.

Now Christmas songs give place to other mirth,

The Old Year's death is but the New Year's birth,

And we have traced the Seasons all,

In every rise and fall :

Let him who dare, say now,

That he to none as God will bow ;

That all this beauteous, lovely world,

By chance from chaos wild was hurled.

Who would so blind, so foolish be,

From every better feeling free,

As to deny

The God on high,

From whom he draws his mortal breath,

Without whose aid, his soul, in Death,

Would flee away,

Nor deign to stay

With one, who would not feel nor own,

That God who did his spirit loan.

Then haste thee now,

To Him to bow,

Who gave thee life,

And calms thy strife ;

Who cures thy wo,
And makes thee go
In lands, where streams,
In glitt'ring beams,
Glide sweetly on,
Beneath the Moon,
The Queen of Heaven,
To whom is given
The power supreme o'er lesser stars !
Blind unbelief, our nature mars,
And lays us ope for Satan's snare.
Oh, man, beware !
Repent in time,
Ere Hell's dark clime
Shall ever claim thee as its own,
And pleasure from thee shall have flown.
As passing Seasons tell a God Divine,
Who doth in all his endless honors shine,
So stricken man can tell us too,
How well his vengeance dire to rue ;
Yet when the mind is sad with grief,
And Earth can yield it no relief,
Then flies the soul to Him on high,
Who rules the regions of the sky,
As well as in our lowly Earth,
O'er fragile men of mortal birth !

And tell me, Soul of Man, did e'er
That God refuse to hear thy prayer ?
Or careless prove him of thy woe,
When thy repentant tears did flow ?
While these things tell us that our God is kind,
In mercy warn us not to lag behind !
Since while we scoff, and jeer, and play,
Our priceless time doth flee away.
Turn, sinner, turn,
Into the only pathway true,
And rank thyself among the few,
Who Satan spurn !
Then thou art safe, beneath the wing
Of thine own kind and loving King !
But if you turn not from the path of sin,
In which e'en from your very birth you've been,
I dare not lift the veil and tell the state,
That doth thy never-dying soul await.
Then, sinner, hasten to avoid thy doom,
Ere Death shall lay thee in the silent tomb !

BEAUTY.

I.

WHEN twilight shades were falling,
The realms of night recalling ;
I watched the bright stars shining,
Sweet wreaths of light entwining ;
Methought that fays were flying,
With silver voices crying,
The world with beauty sweet is teeming.
The Celestial orb of Day,
From the sky of azure blue,
In sweet vapours fades away ;
Still it leaves a beauteous hue.
A voice is ever crying,
With echoes still replying
The world with beauty sweet is teeming.

II.

The precious morn is coming,
The merry birds are singing,
O'er all things, music flinging,
Young birds their tunes are humming—
The sweetest rays of light are streaming
From Aurora's gilded car,
The air breathes out in song,

Which is wafted off afar
The morn's sweet breeze along
A voice is ever crying,
With echoes still replying,
The world with beauty sweet is teeming.

III.

I gazed upon the lovely trees,
That budded all around me ;
I heard the birds' loud harmonies,
So sweet they sung around me.
There surely was some hidden thing
That made my soul so glad,
Something from purer worlds they bring,
That mortal ne'er has had.
Treasures rich with great glory beaming !
Beauty was the hidden thing ;
Beauty is the prize they bring.
Around us Beauty ever
Shines with sweet lustre, never
To be dimmed by Time's rude sway,
Which drives all other powers away.
A voice is ever crying,
With echoes still replying
The world with beauty sweet is teeming !

A REVERIE.

WHEN vesper shades fell silently,
I sat beneath a willow tree,
And mourned o'er days all fled ;
 Methought I heard a voice,
 That made my soul rejoice,
And these are the cheering words it said.

" Grieve not that no friends are thine,
Grieve not that no maidens twine
Wreaths of happiness for thee ;
 Shed not tears of sorrow
 For the evils of to-morrow,
For a happier joy awaits thee.

" Hast thou never, never, heard
The teachings of the Heavenly Word,—
Those who mourn shall soon rejoice !
 Then cheer thy spirit sad,
 Bright joys may yet be had !"
Thus spake that Heavenly Voice !

Upon the willow tree I gazed,
In silence, awe-struck and amazed,
For near me, no one could I see.

At last the mourning tree
In kindness sweet to me
Shed cheering tears of sympathy.

And as the tear drops from on High
Did fall, Hope seemed to hover nigh !
My sinking soul its joy regained ;
 Cheered by that fairy voice,
 That made my soul rejoice,
Hope in my spirit joyful reigned.

That voice came from my soul within,
A voice of joys that once have been
Full brightly shining in my heart ;
 But now all gone and fled,
 They to the past have sped,
Deep pierced by Time's destroying dart.

THE MADMAN.

WITH iron fetters bound, the strong man lay,
A victim to the demon's hellish rage—
For care had worn upon his soul and wo!
Alas, they brought him to the Maniac's cell.
And there he lay—with flashing, blood-shot eye,
And every muscle tended to its full;
While he with futile efforts strove to tear
The iron manacles from off his wrists,
With shrieks that well might shock the bravest ear.
His bleeding limbs, he madly wounds the more,
And feeds his gleaming eye on native blood.
Old Satan's leer is on his gleaming face—
And darkest thoughts of Hell his breast oppress;
While awful as the boundless Ocean's storm,
The tempest of his inner soul broke out.
And all his listening friends, that stood around,
With trembling hearts did dread his awful ire.
For, truly 'twas a sight, that well might cause
The dread, the pity, and the tears of friends.
His incoherent ravings filled the air
With cries and shrieks, no man undaunted heard.
A moment passed—when calmly he stood still,
And bitter, bitter, words like these were his.

I.

And am I mad ?
Oh yes, 'tis truly so ;
But blighted hopes
And grief, with agony and wo,
Have brought me to this narrow cell—
Mad ? Mad ?
Oh yes—I feel the fire of hell
Is raging in my brain ;
The demon angels come to claim
My deathless spirit as their own ;
But whose the bitter, burning shame,
And who the awful seed hath sown
That yields such endless pain ?

II.

A happy home I once possessed,
With every joy and pleasure blessed,
A wife full dear,
And babes of innocence—
I did not fear
Man's deep malevolence ;
Till one there came,
Cursed be his name,
That stole my wife away.
My children all, did droop and die—

No mother near to stay
The hand of death's dark agony.
And I was left
Of all bereft—
My wife and children, once so dear,
Were dead—and none were by to cheer.

II.

Ah! who can tell the bitter, aching pang,
The grief, the pain,
That scorched my brain!
Within my ear, there ever, ever rang,
My children's dying cries,
Their sobs and agonies.
I sought the demon damned,
Who wrought me all my woe,
And, ah! beneath my hand
His blood did freely flow.
Ha! Ha! 'twas sweet
To see him die,
Reward full meet
For treachery.
But when the deed of blood was done,
I strove each crowded path to shun.
Still, still the murderer's brand was on my brow,
I could not wash the stain away;

All saw it then—I see it even now—
Away, oh, bloody spot, away!
See, see, oh God, oh God,
’Tis true that I am mad.
They drag me down—they drag me down,
The spirits of the damned,
All rescue is forever flown;
And I, too, must be lost;
For I am mad—mad—mad!

With weary strength the Maniac bent his form,
And speechless lay. Yet, from his flashing eye
A light more glittering far than all before,
There shone—as e’en from some expiring fire
One brilliant flame gleams out, and all is dark.

HUMAN LIFE.

I saw a little boat begemmed with pearl,
Sailing on a stormy sea,
I saw the mariner his sail unfurl,
And a skillful helmsman he.

The billows broke and roared around his bark,
And they wet his snowy sail,
The storm did rage; the sky was dark;
And he heard the winds wild wail!

Yet steered he in his course full straight,
Regardless he of that fierce storm,
Determined well to bide his fate,
Come when it may, or in what form!

He looked above and poured his prayer
To God, who watched his perils there;
And skillfully he held the helm,
'Midst waves that threatened to o'erwhelm
His tiny bark, and make him be
A tenant of the cold, dark sea.

The clouds at last in pity break,
The sun shines out once more;

His wished for haven he doth make,
From it to rove no more !

And wouldst thou, reader, know
The moral of this strain ?
And wouldst thou have me show
What you, from it, may gain ?

Then list ye well,
And I will tell,
What may, perhaps, be for thy good,
Though you alone
Can suit its tone,
To do what I have meant it should.

Our life, as all of us agree,
Is likened to a troubled sea,
Where angry waves and billows dark,
Attack our weak and mortal bark.

So Satan tempts the human heart,
To make it from its Maker part ;
And useless is our strength and frail,
When he, full mighty, doth assail !

But should you, faithful to your trust,
With bolden heart avoid his lust,

And from him turn,
Nòr let sin burn
One scar upon your mortal breast ;
Safe thou shalt be,
From Satan free,
For Heaven will help thee to the rest.

Not long 'twill be,
Ere thou shalt see
Thy sun shine forth a brilliant gleam,
To cheer thee on,
Thy race to run,
Beneath thy Father's gracious beam.
And thou shalt gain the port of peace,
Where bitter woes and sorrows cease ;
Where all is light, and life, and love,
Within that precious home above.
Then stay not, sinner ! urge thy course,
Lest e'en to-morrow find thee worse !
The gate is open—and the passage free ;
Oh ! enter—ere forever closed it be !

THE PRISONER'S CELL.

I.

TREAD gently stranger! 'Tis the sick man's room!

There, on his bed he lies;

The voice awaiting that shall call him home—

To mansions in the skies.

In weary pain and anguish long he's been,

Within this lonely cell,

Hearing full oft amid the prison's din

The mournful echoes swell.

For he, confined within these granite walls,

Can hear no passing sound,

Save, perchance, the watchful sentry's calls

In midnight walks around.

For he is exiled from his native strand,

And a poor captive in a foreign land,

Here he must die the lonely captive's death,

With none to cheer his parting breath.

II.

Tread gently, then, oh stranger, he was one

To mortals every kind:

But when he heard the faithless traitor's gun;

He sought in war to find

Bright laurels to entwine around his brow.

He bravely took his sword,
And to the enemy he ne'er did bow ;
But at his captain's word
He hastened out to meet the assailing foe,
With courage in his heart.
Before him many forms were humbled low,
And felt the captive's smart.
And, now he, who many a foe had slain,
Must feel himself the captive's bitter pain.
There, gentle stranger, there behold him lie !
The light of life but glimmering in his eye !

"PASSING AWAY."

I.

WHILE we gaze upon the beauties of earth ;
Blooming 'neath the sweet-hued sun of May ;
While our hearts are glad with happiest mirth ;
'Tis sad to think we're "Passing Away."

II.

For true it is that "all that's bright must fade ;"
And sorrow comes when we are most gay,
The happiest pleasures are most transient made ;
'Tis sad to think we're "Passing Away."

III.

When all around seems joyousness and love,
And our feet in flowery paths do stray,
And within pleasure-haunted field we rove,
'Tis sad to think we're "Passing Away."

IV.

When we clasp our beloved ones to our heart,
And most happy words our lips do say,
And when we're glad in hopes we'll never part,
'Tis sad to think we're "Passing Away."

V.

And when around the cheerful household hearth
We are gathered all, at close of day,
In joyous happiness, and pleasant mirth,
'Tis sad to think we're "Passing Away."

VI.

But ah! Where sorrow's mournful voice comes near,
And doth sing its slow and solemn lay,
And plants within the heart an aching fear,
'Tis sweet to think we're "Passing Away."

VII.

When all we love best and truest on earth,
With most false affection turn away,

When no dear joy appears to rouse our mirth,
'Tis sweet to think we're "Passing Away."

VIII.

When all around us our beloved ones die,
And dark cloudlets thick bedim our day,
And on wings of black Grief seems to fly,
'Tis sweet to think we're "Passing Away."

IX.

When in deep woe we wander o'er Life's road,
And no joys shine round our weary way,
And when e'en heavier seems Life's heaviest load,
'Tis sweet to think we're "Passing Away."

X.

When there is naught on Earth for us to love,
And our life has not a cheering ray,
When our kindred all are gone above,
'Tis sweet to think we're "Passing Away."

TO A STAR.

ALL Nature rests in quiet sleep,
The busy day is o'er,
The little stars from Heaven do peep,
The sun shines now no more.

There shines one little star more bright
Than all its sisters round,
Sweetly it beams upon my sight,
When hushed is every sound.

On it I love to look each eve,
When all around is still—
When man his busy toil doth leave,
And lightly glides the rill.

Shine on, thou ever beauteous star,
In all thy glories bright,
Upon the regions off afar,
As here thou shin'st to-night.

When on thy little orb I gaze,
My soul within me glows,
My heart breaks forth in willing praise,
With joy my spirit flows.

I marvel when, indeed I think,
Thou shinest every where,
On land or on the Ocean's brink,
Or on the desert bare.

Thou shin'st in Venice—pictured clime,
And on her bridge of sighs,
The land where flows the melting rhyme,
And beam the lovely eyes.

Thou light'st the Jew and Gentile too,
With thy sweet, soothing, light;
Thou mak'st the newly fallen dew
Shine forth like diamonds bright.

O'er Europe's stretching lands you shine,
And over all the earth
The same bright glories still are thine,
Thou sparkling star of mirth.

We love thee, Gentle Star of Night,
So twinkling and so free,
And when we gaze upon thy light,
We feel still nearer thee.

Oh, could'st thou say what angels dwell
Within thy precious home,

A tale of joy to us you'd tell,
Who far from thee do roam.

Perhaps some friend, to us quite dear,
Within thy precincts is,
For whom we shed affection's tear,
And know not of his bliss.

Perhaps a mother we have lost,
A long-loved mother dear,
Who, on the waves of trouble tost,
Sought refuge in thy sphere.

Or still, perchance, sisters beloved,
Away from us have hied,
Who o'er life's path but little moved,
And sickened then and died.

•
Thou shinest on, full sweetly bright,
But naught doth answer me.
Still upward flies my soul so light,
To be still nearer thee.

Oh, may my soul be wafted there,
Where holy men do live,
Within thy bright and heavenly sphere,
Which soothing light doth give.

Oh, may I join the friends who've gone
Before me to thy light,
And may I win the goal they won,
A goal supremely bright.

MUSIC.

HARK ! the joyous voices ring !
Listen, angels ! while they sing !
Lead the melting sound along,
Till all feel the power of song !
Ocean ! roll thy billowy tide !
Mountain ! rock from side to side !
Flow, thou little gushing stream,
Flow beneath the moon's pale beam.
Such the joyous power of song,—
Happy hearts around it throng.
Music wafted to the soul,
All the passions doth control.
Music lifts the soul on high,
To sweet mansions in the sky !
Music melts the heart to tears,
Music wraps it too in fears !

Music oft reforms the bad,
Music makes the spirit glad!
See ye all the power of song,
Which to music doth belong.

"SEEK AND YOU WILL FIND."

I.

In dangers and in troubles oft,
In griefs of every kind,
For consolation "Look aloft,"
For "Seek and you shall find."

II.

When sorrow's sadly pressing hand,
Weighs down thine anxious mind,
With soul undaunted firmly stand,
For "Seek and you shall find."

III.

When Death draws nigh thy happy door,
And breaks the ties that bind,
Seek consolation more and more,
For "Seek and you shall find."

MIDNIGHT.

FAIR Luna sheds her lenient ray—
The bright stars hold their softest sway—
While angels whisper, through the sky,
Happiest accents as they fly.
This is an hour supremely blest,
Happier far than all the rest ;
When Nature in her lovely charms,
Most deep the panting spirit warms.
This is the hour when angels move,
Hurrying on their path of Love !

How oft in midnight hours they come,
Flying o'er our silent bed,
From their sweet and Heavenly home,
Come they with a noiseless tread !

We see those beings that we love,
Come around us while we sleep,
Their faithful love for us to prove,
While with tearful eyes they weep—

To think that we still live below,
In a world of grief and pain,

Subjected to each mortal woe,
Sailing o'er Life's weary main !

Thus oft in lonely midnight hour,
We feel the dear resistless power
Of angel-whisperings in our dreams,
Bright with Heaven's own golden beams.

OLD LETTERS.

SWEET cords ! that bind me to my early years,
That soothe my grief and dry my bitter tears,
How oft in hours of idleness,
Ye bring sweet thoughts of happiness.

Ye carry me back to my childhood's home—
In sweet meadows green I seem to roam,
In playful innocence and glee,
From every sin and sorrow free !

My companions seem to gather round me,
As if rejoicing they have found me,
We dance around in childish mirth,
The happiest little band on earth.

Ye speak to me of happy hours gone by,
Ye tell me of many a severed tie,
Of dear friends who have gone before,
To meet me in this world no more.

Ye sweet consolers of my woe and grief,
That in my sorrow whisper sweet relief,
I love ye with a yearning love,
Which hurrying time can ne'er remove.

THE DEAD.

DEPARTED souls, that hover near,
When hearts are sad with gloomy fear,
I seek your dwelling-place to know,
And to what unseen world ye go.
Ye spirits of the long lost Dead,
Where are the halls thy souls do tread?
To me your mystic dwelling tell!
Oh, grant to me that potent spell,
By means of which I too may go
Where streams of joy forever flow!

A VISION.

I.

I HEARD a spirit whisper, Come,
And I will guide thee home.
In dreams I heard the voice so dread,
Methought that I was dead.
I rose to do that spirit's will,
And felt an icy chill
Run thro' my bones, and freeze my blood;
While fearfully I stood
Attent, to hear its stern command,
It waved its bony hand,
And bade me follow in its track,
Nor dare to venture back.
And I, urged on, in fear did rise,
With sore bewildered eyes.
Methought it led me to a grave,
Where stood a stave,
To mark the final resting place
Of one of Earth's sad race,
Methought I heard the spirit call,
From out its marble hall,
The soul whose earthly form was there,
And it did straight appear.

A maiden fair, of low degree,
But from all error free.
Methought the spirit, once again,
A grave did rend in twain ;
When, lo ! another form appeared,
In handsome beauty reared.
These souls recalled, on each, did smile,
And sunk again to Death's exile !

II.

Methought once more the spirit led
Me to the narrow bed,
Where lay the great, the rich, the proud,
All wrapped in snowy shroud ;
The marble stone was raised on high,
To tell where they did lie,
Who in Earth's pilgrimage were great,
And high in mortal state.
Fine marble, cut by sculptor's skill,
Though dead, proud told them still.
Methought the spirit's voice I heard,
And at his potent word,
The stone, it crumbled, and did fall,
While he, the soul did call ;
The soul, it came, and stood beside
Its grave, now yawning wide.

He spoke, and still another came,
 With hollow eyes of flame.
On each they gleamed a fearful gaze,
 Which did my soul amaze ;
For settled hate was in that look,
 Which not e'en Death could brook.
They vanished, and I saw no more,
 My eyes were sick and sore ;
The spirit gazed on me a glance,
 That woke me from my trance ;
So sharp, so piercing, was his eye,
 And so my dream passed by.

●

III.

And when I woke, I thought my vision o'er,
 And pondered its intent ;
Still I could not its mysteries explore,
 Nor knew I what it meant,
Till I had pondered oft that midnight dream,
Which once to me all moral-less did seem.
 At last I found
 A reason sound,
Why that lone spirit broke upon my sleep,
 And took me where,
 I went with fear,
To where the Dead their solemn revels keep.
 Then, Reader ! whosoe'er thou art,

Whose eye o'er lines like these doth range,
At this my moral do not start,
Though seemeth it to you full strange,
'Tis briefly this that I would say,
And spurn ye not the words away.
When first the spirit led me where,
I followed with slow steps of fear,
Those long lost souls that he did call,
From out their chilly, marble hall,
Did show that Love its feeling still doth have,
Beyond the gloomy portals of the Grave ;
 And that stern Death,
 Who takes the breath
 Of mortal man away,
 Is powerless to stay
Th' affections holy which the Lord doth give
To cheer our lot while still on Earth we live.
 Who would believe it was not so !
 If Heaven-born spirits only glow
 With fond affection in this life,
 What worth the care, the grief, the strife,
 That friend for friend doth undergo ;
 If all our life were here below,
 'Twere useless in that life's brief span,
 To garner love for dying man.
 Oh, Reader, no,
 It is not so.

'Tis true that deathless is our love,
Prolonged through endless time above ;
And each long lost and cherished friend
Will meet us when this life shall end ;
And not as stranger spirits will we meet,
But friends to share an endless union sweet ;
 In courts above,
 Where all is love ;
 Where joy and peace
 Shall never cease !
Thus then my dream's first part doth read,
The second now demands our heed.

IV.

When in my trance,
I saw that glance,
That from the eye
Of fire did fly :
This, Reader, tells that Hate can also live
 Beyond the tomb ;
Though we may not to this full credence give,
 Beware the doom
Of him, who from this Earth doth part,
With malice rankling at his heart.
 For dread and dire will be
 His sad Eternity.

A righteous God, offended then,
Will pour on him Hell's bitter pain.

And sorrow e'er,
With awful fear,
Shall be his lot,
By Heaven forgot.

Then, then, though angel's tears should fall,
And all the holy seraphs weep,
They never can his doom recall,
He must his bitter harvest reap.

V.

Another point my dream did show,
That rich and poor alike to Death must go,
Nor wealth, nor worth, nor precious ore,
Can save them from that silent shore.

No priceless gold,
Or wealth untold,
No beauty rare,
Stern Death doth spare ;

But all must go to that sad bourne,
From which they never can return.
Then, erring mortal, prize not this,
But seek that other world of bliss.

EVERLASTING.

THE wind, it blew against my window pane,
The thunder roared o'erhead,
And ever and anon the drenching rain
Its mighty torrents shed.
And I was sitting in thoughtful mood,
Blessing my happy lot,
When spoke a spirit that beside me stood,
"Bless, but grieve that 'tis not
Everlasting."

I started when I heard a voice so near,
I turned, but saw no form,
I thought me then of those who had to bear
The raging of the storm,
Without a sheltering roof, or happy home,
By mortals all forgot,
When spoke that voice, "To them griefs do not come,
For they know that 'tis not
Everlasting."

I saw a lordly palace decked with gold
And gems of every hue,
Around it naught looked ill, nor aught seemed old,
Each marble slab was new.

I thought I'd found a perennial home,
Where change was all forgot,
But hark, sad voices to my spirit come,
"Alas! alas! tis not
Everlasting."

Methought the sun was shining, and the air
Was fragrant with the smell
Of lovely flowers, that bloomed around me fair,
Their Maker's power to tell.
But soon I saw them wither-up and die,
By autumn breezes caught;
And still I heard those voices round me cry,
"See, see, e'en they are not
Everlasting."

I gazed upon the azure sky above
And thought me of my God,
That God whose every deed is truthful love,
Who earth's sad path had trod.
And as I looked, methought I saw a throne,
Suspended in mid air
Shining with Jasper and the Sardine stone,
And all gems pure and rare.
And then a voice in tones of clearest sound,
Echoed throughout all nature's depth profound.

“Think on, oh mortal, and forever think,
Let thoughts on thoughts abound,
For now to meditate thou need’st not shrink,
Since something thou hast found
Everlasting.”

A LEGEND.

I.

In happy, golden, days of yore,
There lived a baron bowed, and hoar,
And rich was he in fame and gold,
But had a stony heart and cold.
A beauteous daughter blessed his home,
Who never from her sire did roam.
Many noble barons sought her,
Golden presents rich they brought her.
But all had sued for love in vain,
For all their hearts she grieved with pain.

II.

Till, when at last young Edwin came,
A peasant poor, and with no name
To rank in history’s proud tome,
Where glory builds her lofty dome,

But with a gentle heart of truth,
Kindling with all the glow of youth;
With eyes that told the fire of heaven,
To his pure soul, from God, was given,
He charmed the tender maiden's heart,
And he did swear that he would part
 Not ever from her side
 If she'd become his bride.

III.

She loved him with a woman's love,
Which not e'en wasting time can move.
He pressed his suit in softest tone
While o'er them, sweet the moonbeams shone.
The blushing maid disclosed her heart
But quick and fast did fall the chrystal tear,
For well she knew the bitter smart
 Her father stern
 Would, in return
For his affection, deal her lover dear.
 Indeed 'twas truly so,
For when her noble father heard
The tale of love, his dreaded word
 Turned all their joy to woe.
For Nora summoned to his hall,
Straightway obeyed her father's call.
 While in loud tones of ire,
 Thus spoke her angry sire.

IV.

Is it for this, false girl, that I have reared
 Thee with a father's doting heart ;
Is it for this, that you have ever shared
 My love ? thus, thus from me to part !
To leave me in my age, and give thy love to one,
 Whom thou hast known but for an hour !
Then go ! thine onward course in shame to run ;
 A father's curse thine only dower !
In long gone days when yet thy tide of life was new,
 When guileless was thy tender heart,
I little thought that I the cause would have to rue,
 That made thee from my home depart.
But it is so, and I now live to see the day,
 My Nora spurns her father's love,
And casts his fond, his deep affection all away,
 With strangers in the world to rove.
Well, be it so. I cannot stay thy guilty course,
 But when in after days thy soul
Shall e'er revert to early days, no one resource,
 You'll find, your sorrow to control ;
For I have offered you a father's happy home,
 Besides a heart that loves you well,
Which you've refused, with this strange man abroad to roam
 And for him e'en your birthright sell !

V.

With streaming eyes the maiden bent
Her head, and on his shoulder leant;
But still her heart was bold, and true her love,
So true not e'en a father's curse could move.
And she began for her true love to plead,
In tones that well might make the heart to bleed.

Who that has felt what 'tis to love,
To hold one being, all above,
To speak, to live, to breathe, to feel,
But in the accents sweet which steal
From him who is the heart's adored;
Or who that thus her heart hath poured
Into another's breast,
There only to find rest,
Will not shed many pitying tears
For her whose love so sad appears!

VI.

But that stern father's heart was nerved to bear
Whate'er she said,
With an unpitying soul and careless ear;
And tho' she plead
With all a maiden's power,
His angry brow did lower,
He cried aloud with voice of ire,
He ne'er would pardon give

And bade her from his house retire
Nor ever near him live.

She went, for woman's love is strong,
A love that suffereth well and long ;

And Edwin bold, full proud I ween was he,
That girl so faithful to himself to see.

He took her from her long loved home,
In distant lands to go,

Contented she with him to roam,

Her faithful love to show ;

She followed him thro' many lands,
O'er fertile plains and desert sands.

'Till when at last young Edwin left
His Nora of all hope bereft,

Sad was, I ween, her stricken heart

When from her side her love did part.

VII.

Ye, who too sadly know,

The bitter tears that flow,

When friends depart,

And leave the heart

Struck down with woe ;

Ye who have felt the pang,

That o'er the soul doth hang

When lovers faithless prove

Them to their highest love,

Ye, ye can know fair Nora's heart,
When from her side,
Her own beloved one did part,
And left his bride,
His wife in all save human law ;
Her heart was lorn,
She asked of each one that she saw,
Where he had gone,
Who in the olden time,
And in her native clime,
Had wooed her love,
While stars above
Approvingly did shine.
But woe indeed was thine,
Fair girl ! for he
Thou ne'er didst see.
And thine the aching void,
That holds the heart by grief alloyed ;
The sigh, the ceaseless tear
Must now attend thee to thy bier.

VIII.

By woe oppressed, by grief weighed down,
With heart from which each joy had flown.
The maiden shed unceasing tears,
And lived in utter grief
And woe too deep for her young years

Was hers; and no relief
To her sad soul would come.
She thought her of her home,
And she did seek that hall once more,
Where she had spent her days of yore.

IX.

But woe became that father's guest,
Since first he drove her from his home,
Nor joy, nor sleep, nor any rest,
Would to his stricken spirit come.
He pined away, and pining, died,
No one was near to check the tide
Of icy death, that chilled each vein,
Or soothe with love his heart's sad pain.
She reached his mansion, but to hear,
The reaper death
Had ta'en the breath
Of him away,
Who was her stay.
How could the maid such sorrow bear!

X.

Her heart was stricken down with woe,
And hers was such as passeth show,
No pageant sorrow of affected grief,
But one which no relief

Could ever, ever move the poisoned dart,
That pierced her faithful heart.
Her Edwin too, whom she had loved so well
Her spirit seemed to tell
Was e'en the cause of all
The grief that did befall
Her spirit bent with woe,
Alas ! that he should e'er have acted so.
But 'twas too true, she could not doubt
His faithless want of love about.

XI.

And truly 'twas a piteous sight,
To see that maiden's hopeless plight.
Betrayed by a false stranger's art,
And made to feel love's keenest smart.
Her lover gone, her father dead,
And every hope of pleasure fled.

XII.

Alas ! that she,
Once pure and free,
Should be so hopeless and so sad.
Her heart did sink,
And some did think,
That she e'en from that time was mad.
But certain 'tis that shrieks most loud

Were heard to echo round
The country's farthest bound;
And oft a form in snowy shroud
Was seen to glide,
With hasty stride,
And rapid flight,
The livelong night.
But naught was ever heard of Nora fair,
Though many for her fate did shed the tear,
With which kind pity laves the tender eye
Of those, who feel for others' misery !

E M M A

PART I.

I.

Soft blew the gentle evening breeze,
The bird's gay song was sweet,
While mid the branches of the trees
They flew on winglets fleet.

II.

Gently the rippling stream did flow,
In little waves of gold,

While shone the dying sun's last glow,
Behind the oak trees old.

III.

The leafy limbs that lapped above
A bower of beauty made,
And there Althœa mourned his love,
When twilight's glow did fade.

IV.

His heart was sad, his soul was drear,
For Emma loved him not,
His mind was weighed with grief and care,
In mourning o'er his lot.

V.

His lute, the solace of his woe,
He seized with trembling hand,
And forth in song his soul did flow,
Touched by a fairy wand !

I.

Fair maiden ! must I leave thee now !
Who, e'er did hold my heart !
Stern, stern, the fate to which I bow,
The fate that bids us part !

When I remember all thy grace,
The matchless beauty of thy face ;
Thine angel voice, so soft and clear,
That broke so sweetly on the air,
Thy mind of light, thy heart of love,
From thee I cannot bear to rove ;
Yet still, oh still, it must, it must be so ;
For I cannot avert the bitter woe !

II.

Full oft I've tried to gain thy love,
By every art of mine,
Yet e'en as harder still I strove,
In worship at thy shrine,
Thou colder grew ; and now I grieve
To think thy well loved form I leave ;
Ne'er, ne'er again perhaps to view
Thy beaming eyes of azure hue ;
Nor e'er again may I once hear
Thy silver voice ring through the air,
While, pleasantly, the precious evening breeze,
Shall waft its echoes through the verdant trees.

III.

When I remember all those eves,
Those precious eves of love,
When o'er the scattered autumn leaves,

We pensively did rove ;
When 'neath fair Luna's brightest beam,
We walked beside the sylvan stream ;
I feel, my panting, throbbing heart
From thee can scarcely bear to part !
But I must go ! Thou scorn'st my love !
To war in foreign lands I'll rove,
And bathed in native blood, and death,
I'll seek to breathe my farewell breath !

IV.

Now hope farewell, and pleasant peace ;
I go to seek my doom,
In lands where all my woes shall cease,
Within the silent tomb ;
The land where sleep the long lost dead,
From every earthly sorrow freed.
And if perchance my Emma e'er,
Should shed for me one single tear ;
My heart would lighter feel, and I
Would end in death my misery.
Then, bloody Mars ! mayst thou propitious be,
And nerve my willing arm to fight for thee !

V.

Thus sang Althœa in that grove of green,
And the birds an echo made,

He fixed his eye upon his shining blade so keen,
And left the refreshing shade.
Upon his horse he flung himself in grief
And full quickly off he sped,
To find in war from sorrow a relief,
Or be numbered with the dead.

VI.

Right manfully he fought, both long and well,
And conquered many a foe,
But wounded sore, at last in pain he fell,
And his eyes with deathlight glow.

PART II.

I.

The marble halls that echo to the fairy tread
Of lovely virgins, clad in cloth of golden thread,
The princely courts where dance the gay, the young, the fair,
The pearly gems that glitter in the jetty hair ;
All tell us of a Queen with wealth, and store of gold,
The Queen of beauty, and of happiness untold.

II.

What heart could gaze on such a sight,
And not be glad !
And yet there was a heart that night,
That was full sad.

For Emma's soul was sad and drear.

She wept in tears,

The throng might seem to banish fear,

But she had cares

That tore her bleeding heart with woe,

And no relief

Would come. She mourned where'er she'd go

In tears of grief!

III.

What hath the youthful maiden done,

To make her sigh!

What makes her try each art to shun

The crowd that's by.

Is it some crime of damning hue,

That stains her soul,

That makes such grief her heart pursue,

Without control?

Has her sweet hand been dipped in blood,

Or bathed in gore,

Has her fair form with felons stood,

On any shore!

No! not for aught of bloody crimes

Does Emma weep,

Her heart reverts to former times

When joy did keep

Unquestioned rule o'er all her soul

With power that none might dare control.

IV.

She thinks upon her love's proud form
His eyes, like lightening in a storm,
She thinks on all these things, and then
Slowly she leaves her noble palace halls,
For she may ne'er, oh, ne'er again
Behold that form on which her spirit calls.
Oh woe, beyond relief!
Oh bitter, bitter grief!
And she too was the cause of all,
The care, the grief, the woe,
That on Althoea's heart did fall,
And crushed it with the blow.
She sought her arbor's lone retreat,
To think on all her grief,
And there with music passing sweet
In song she found relief.
For music is the soul's own joy,
When worrying cares or woes annoy,
It wafts sweet comfort to the heart,
And draws away pain's venom'd dart.

I.

It is my last, my farewell song,
I breathe, my love, to thee,
For pains of death around me throng,
My soul will soon be free.

I ne'er shall breathe thy name again,
Nor see thy face once more,
Oh, who can tell the bitter pain,
That sears my heart's deep core !

II.

My soul is bound to thee by ties,
That man can never break,
And when my spirit free shall rise,
And all the dead shall wake,
I'll claim thee, then, my own true love ;
Though Fate our lot did sever,
We'll love through endless time above,
And live in joy forever !

III.

'Tis sad for me to think that I
Did deal the aching smart,
That made thee from my presence fly,
And hurt thy faithful heart.
Yet still for thee my latest breath
To Heaven in prayer will go,
And when my spirit conquers Death,
'Twill pray for thee below.

IV.

And if in Heaven a spirit's prayer
Will aught avail to thee,
Thy deathless soul shall soon be there,
Redeemed to life and me.
And this is all the hope there is
To me on Earth below,
With thee to taste celestial bliss,
And Heavenly joys to know !

V.

Farewell my lute, my harp, my song,
My voice shall sound no more,
For, ah ! it shall not now be long,
Before I seek that shore,
Where every spirit soon must go !
I bid farewell to all
My well-beloved ones here below,
For Death my soul doth call.

VI.

Waft, waft, ye breezes, waft my notes
To him for whom I sing,
To him on whom my spirit doats,
To whom my soul doth cling !
Ye clouds that flutter through the sky,
Ye stars that shine so bright,

Tell him to better realms I fly,
To be with him in light!

V.

And when had ceased the breezes to prolong
The answering echoes of her plaintive song,
She sought again her hall of marble bright,
Where sweetly shone each gay and coloured light.

She joined the giddy throng,
That whirled in joy along;
She strove to calm her heart,
And disregard the dart
Which Love had transfixed there.
But useless was her care!

The diamond gems that glittered bright
Within her jetty hair,
Now sparkling in the radiant light,
More pure and bright appear.

But brightness is not in her eye,
Her stricken heart doth often sigh:
That lip, where smiles always did play,
That soul, o'er which fair beauty's sway
Had always held uncurbed control,
That face that told her very soul;
All, all were altered now, and she
Was from sweet pleasure wholly free.

Pale was her cheek, and dimmed her eye,
While piteously she oft did sigh.

And even there,
Where every fair
And beauteous thing,
Its charm did fling,
To cheer the scene;
Her heart did lean
To other times
And other climes,

When she did share Althœa's love,
And deemed his heart all things above;
When she was happy, gay and young,
When pleasure's blossoms round her sprung,
When no ill dreams disturbed her soul,
When love did still her heart control,
She thought on all these things, and how,
Oh! how could she dance gaily now!

VI.

But see, who enters now the door,
A sable cloak of dun he wore,
And tall his form and proud his mien,
As ever man before was seen.
As soon as Emma sees his form,
Her heart with love for him was warm,

Her cheek grew paler, and the hue
Of ashes, on her face, it grew.
And from her brightly gleaming eye,
Each spark of heavenly fire did fly.
She fell ; for her weak strength gave way ;
The lover of her happier day
 Too well she knew ;
 The guests they flew
 To give her aid,
 And when they made
Fair Emma conscious once again,
 They left the hall,
 Each one and all,
 While her true maid
 Close by her staid,
To soothe her heart's most bitter pain.

VII.

She lived ; for Death comes not alway,
 To those who wish to die,
But woe from her did never stray,
 Nor sorrow from her fly.
Her love she sought the town around ;
 She wept in wo,
 And she would go,
 Each day at eve,
 When Sol doth leave

His native sky,
In dusk to lie,
Unto that grave whose leafy bound
So oft had sheltered her sweet love ;
And on one eve, when she did rove,
Singing her oft accustomed song,
That roamed the balmy breeze along,
She heard a voice full clear,
That broke upon the air,
Like angel singing,
Sweet music bringing,
And these the words the fairy sung,
While through the air they clearly rung.

I.

Fair maid ! who weep'st thy lover fled,
In tears of bitter woe,
He, whom thou mourn'st for, is not dead,
And thou to him may'st go,
Only believe the words I speak,
And to me lend attention meek.

II.

Near unto yonder mountain stands
A marble palace bright,
That seems not built by mortal hands,
Nor lit by mortal light.

Enter thou that noble palace hall,
And on thy love, Althœa, call.

III.

And when thou call'st a monster 'll come
 To tear thy tender form,
But take this rod and thou'lt come home,
 Without one wound or harm.
For 'tis a fairy wand, which I
Have framed to ward off injury!

IV.

Pluck thou a hair from his flowing mane,
 By means of this your rod,
And thou thy love shall see again ;
 So says the Fairy God.
Then haste thee quick to yonder dome,
Where now thy lover finds his home.

Thus spoke the fay in accents clear,
Which echoed through the stilly air,
And notes more sweet no man e'er heard.
For they were sweeter than the bird
Whose song is said to lull to sleep,
The fabled dwellers of the deep.

VIII.

The maiden bowed her willing head,
To show that she'd perform the deed,
And to the castle straight she went,
Upon her errand full intent.
Yet e'en as nearer still she seemed,
And brighter still the lights they beamed,
She was no nearer ; for that dome,
Where cruel monsters found a home,
Moved farther as she pressed her way,
Yet did she not one moment stay.

XI.

At last she reached the castle gate,
Nor did she for admission wait ;
But pushed her way within its bound,
Nor stopped e'en once to look around ;
And when she enters in its halls,
And on her love, Althœa, calls,
The fairy monster came full near,
Her lovely form in rage to tear.
But she, made bold by her true love,
Her fairy wand did hold above
His shaggy head, which when he saw,
He closed his once extended jaw ;
Turned he to flee, but not before
In faith the lovely maiden tore

A strand from out his flowing hair,
While in still anger he stood there ;
He roared aloud, and then away,
Before the Victor of the Day
He runs ! and now her faithful love,

Fair Emma sees once more,
Never again from him to rove,
Save for that heavenly shore,
Where guileless mortals all shall go,
The land of joy, without one woe.

THE FAIRIES.

I.

OPPRESSED with anxious care foreboding naught intelligible,
I gave myself a most willing subject to the Dreamy God,
And with silver winglets hovered he full sweetly round my
head,

Oped the pearly gates that close around Imagination's home,
And made me revel in that sweet strand where Fancy is the
Queen.

I dreamed ! and upon a rock in barren ocean's sterile strand
I stood. Naught mortal or immortal saw I on that shore.
Mountains lofty lay around me in nature's wild profusion ;

Upon every side the washing waves with daring dashings
struck.

While I did gaze in wonder on the lovely scene before me,
Methought a fairy form tripped by and beckoned me to
follow,

And, as if urged on by some ungovernable power, I rose,
With my mind determined well to follow wheresoe'er she led.
The heavenly Vision rent the briny wave, and far, far
beneath

Flew with more than light'ning quickness, and I, with like
swiftness, followed.

II.

Ceased we to fly, and that dear guide had left my side,
Upon the lovely scene my eyes roamed round in joy ;
I saw a rosy bower with jasmine perfume sweet,
Where all the air was fragrant with the smell of flowers ;
There did the rose, the queenly rose, its head uprear,
The Pink, the Snowdrop and the Hyacinth were there ;
And in the stream that glided near that garden bound,
The snow-white lily lifted up its spotless head.
And every lovely blossom that enticed the eye,
Did show its beauty, to enrich the gorgeous sight.
Sure this was not a place where men of mortal birth
Could hold their court, supported not by higher powers.
No, no ; 'twas here the Godlike Fairies met each eve.

Those beings that to mortals ever lend an arm,
When griefs oppress, or bitter woe weighs down the soul.
This very grove they chose to be their concert hall,
Where beauty breathed thro' every thing the eye could see.

III.

Methought I waited not full long before I saw
The Fairy band, in snowy garments, all advance.
And one there was whose robe more splendid was than all,
And on whose head there glittered bright a jewelled crown,
Her did I judge full well to be their sovereign Queen.
I saw her enter slowly in that leafy grove,
And low did every courtier bow when she did pass,
In token of his love as subject and as friend.
Methought she passed full near my side and I could see
The pure serenity of her angelic face.
Sure never can I e'er forget that angel look.
Her beauty seemed too bright for me to gaze upon,
The lovely smile that lingered round her chiselled lip,
The sparkling beam that shot from out her jetty eye,
The music that was wafted round when she did speak,
All told her noble lineage to be of Gods ;
The pencilled brow, the long loose lash, the golden hair,
And every charm adorned the lovely Fairy Queen.

IV.

She straight advanced up to the throne that band had placed,
For her, who was their mighty ruler, and their guide.
She took her sceptre, studded rich with jewels bright,
And hushed was every voice, no sound was heard
Within that fairy grove, where late the heavenly band
In mirth were holding converse sweet with sister fays.
I gazed in wondering admiration on the Queen,
Whom all did seem to love, respect and to revere. .
And if 'twere possible, methought that she then seemed
E'en lovelier yet than when I first had seen her come,
Within the court, where she had summoned out her band.
But while I gazed in wonder on the lovely sylph,
I heard her silver tones ring through the leafy court,
And all the listening band in silence list her words,
While thus in tones of angel softness she did speak.
And strains of music, such as mortals never heard,
In joining notes all blended with her fairy song!

“ We meet to-night
Ye Fays of light,
To tell our deeds,
And gain our meeds.

I hold the ruby crown which is
The prize that gives the winner bliss.
And I, to him, will give this prize,
Whoe'er among you now that rise,

That has helped most
The mortal host,
Who dwell on Earth's sad, sinful bound ;
Now let the 'customed trumpet sound !"

v.

And when the Queen had ceased, the trumpet's far sent note
Echoed around the leafy grove. And then I saw
A host of fairies coming o'er the verdant plain,
Each eager first to reach the place where their great Queen
Did sit, to give the prize to whosoe'er it was
That had performed the highest good to those on earth.
Once more the trumpet's tone did sound upon the ear,
And all around was still. Each fairy form reclined
Upon the sward within that precious hall of Court.
I heard again the silver tones of that sweet Queen,
Who to the listening throng in precious notes thus spoke.

" I bid ye speak,
Ye angels meek,
And tell me true,
What each of you
To-day have done.
For since the sun
Went down last eve,
I truly grieve
To think that men,
Have suffered pain.

For when the day
Had fled away,
I saw, last night,
A genius bright,
Though one who had rebelled against the might
Of him who rules the darkness and the light.
In anger he
Did say to me,
That e'er next night,
His power would blight
Many a one of mortal birth,
Who did not own his sway on earth.
I bid ye, then, my subjects all,
Your kindly actions to recall,
And tell me if perchance, ye have
Saved one whom woe kept as a slave.
Whoe'er has done the kindest deed of all,
Upon his head this crown of gold shall fall !

VI.

She ceased to speak, but still the balmy air refused
To let those notes fly off so quickly from the ear,
For echo still prolonged the tones the fairy spoke
At last each sound was hushed, and the sweet echo ceased,
As when the balmy breeze subsides, the leaves are still ;
And not a single breath of air doth fan the trees.
'Till one there rose, whose face was like an angel's—pure.

His voice—it sounded on the listening ear like tones
Of richest music heard thro' long drawn arches wide ;
And all the attendant crowd were still when he arose,
Eager to listen to the voice of one they loved ;
While gentle as the pleasant summer breeze of eve,
His dulcet tones did float upon the stilly air.

I.

Fair Queen ! I beg ye list the song
I sing this eve to you ;
And give ye ear, ye listening throng !
For what I say is true.
This morn at break of dawning day,
I roamed the world around,
And while I, by a grove, did stray,
I heard a weeping sound.

II.

I entered in the arbour's shade,
And saw a handsome youth ;
In God's own holy semblance made,
With eyes that told of truth ;
He lay upon the sward of green,
And mourned his bitter lot,
So sad he seemed, as if he'd been
By heaven above forgot.

III.

His lute was lying by his side,
But all its strings were still,
For he with tears of anguish cried,
And grief his heart did fill.
At last, in pity for his woe,
In softest words I spoke ;
He raised his head with motion slow
As thus his tones they broke
Upon the stilly morning air ;
He started when his eye
Rested upon a fay so near,
And strove to pass me by ;
But I detained him in the grove,
And kept him near my side ;
I asked him if he grieved for love,
And he with tears replied.

I.

Thou being of a purer sphere,
Who deign'st awhile to wander here,
Thou ask'st me of my lot forlorn,
And why my heart by grief is torn.
I fain, in truth, would answer thee,
If aught I said could better me ;
But all, I fear, is over now,
And I, to my stern fate, must bow.

But since a fairy seeks to know
My mournful tale of bitter woe,
I now will forthwith tell the cause,
Why I do bend to sorrow's laws.

II.

In early days, when I was young,
When hope's bright blossoms round me sprung,
I gave my heart to Leila fair,
That maiden whose long, jetty hair
Was parted on a pure white brow,
That vied in purity the snow,
Whose eye beamed light from Heavenward sent,
Whose voice by angels sweet was lent.

III.

I loved her with the purest love,
That comes to man from Heaven above,
And Leila's heart was true to me;
But her proud sire full cruel, he
His matchless child did give away,
Regardless of that early day,
When he had smiled upon my love,
And bade me never more to rove,
From her, my tender, loving bride,
Till Death should take her from my side.

Yet he, regardless of his word,
Grants her to-night to some proud lord ;

IV.

Full rich in gold and princely pride,
But loved not by his matchless bride,
And this, oh, Fairy, is the night,
That lays all low my visions bright.
E'en now he gives his child away.
I could not near his castle stay,
So I have wandered here to weep,
And my sad vigils here to keep.
Yet if thou canst afford one ray
Of hope, this marriage dire to stay,
I beg you, give it now to me,
And from its woe my spirit free !

IV.

I sought the noble baron's hall,
Before one moment past,
And there I saw the splendour all
That thro' the house was cast.
I saw each shining brilliant light,
Their glittering meteors flit.
Through every room they shone full bright,
So gaily were they lit.

V.

I entered in the fine built hall,
Where Leila poured her grief,
And her dear name aloud did call,
And promised sweet relief.
I bade her follow where I led,
And she forthwith agreed,
And with the maiden then I sped,
With all my greatest speed,
Unto that very leafy grove,
That I had just now left
Where waited her own faithful love,
Who, of all joy bereft,
Was pouring forth his bitter woe,
To winds that sighed around.
His strain he breathed full sweet and low,
Where hushed was every sound.

VI.

I entered with his maiden true,
And as he saw us near,
Bright beamed his eyes of azure hue,
His heart dismissed his fear,
He clasped his loved one to his heart,
In strong, yet tender love,
And swore that they should never part,
Nor ever would he rove

From her who made his life all light,
His soul, his love, his all,
Till Death unto their Heavenward flight,
Their spirits both should call.

The fairy's voice had died upon the listening ear,
And all th' Æthereal court were silent for a while,
As when the gentle breeze that stirs the crested wave,
Has died away—the waters sink in silent calm,
And all the Ocean like a mirror seems full smooth ;
So when his gentle tones had ceased, the fairy throng
Were silent all, and none there seemed prepared
To tell a greater deed of love, than he, who now,
Amid surrounding murmurs of applause sat down.
Till one there rose, with countenance all beaming bright,
Whose eyes were gleaming like the stars of highest Heaven.
Whose tones were like the gentle sighings of the breeze,
That wafts the richest odours on the Autumn air,
Whose mien was kingly, and who spoke as if a power
Most High had lent him aid to do a deed of love,
And thus he told his tale before that fairy throng.

I.

I roamed around the earth, Fair Queen,
And gazed on each most lovely scene.
I climbed upon the mountain high,
Whose summit almost kissed the sky,

I wandered in the lowly vale,
Where flowers, their odours sweet, inhale ;
I skimmed too o'er the wide, wide sea,
Where waves were high and billowy ;
The scene was grand, the storm did rage,
And sea-nymphs did fierce warfare wage ;
A lordly ship I saw afar,
Strive in the elemental war.
I neared it close to see if I
Might save one soul from misery.
And as I went, I saw a youth,
With eyes that told of trusting truth, .
Just struggling with the stormy wave.
Him, did I, from a watery grave
In quickness snatch, and flew full swift,
While I his fragile form did lift,
To bear it to its mother Earth,
And to that land that gave him birth.
When I had reached his home I fled,
Nor near him for one moment staid.

II.

And when returning home, I met
A beauteous maid, with locks of jet ;
With eyes whose brightly shining hue,
Was like the sky—so azure blue.

The tears were falling thick and fast,
And, oh, a face so bright and sweet
In Heaven or Earth did I e'er meet.
She seemed a Peri from the skies,
For Heaven was beaming in her eyes;
Though bent her soul with care and woe;
Though long-drawn sighs from her did flow;
Though sad and sick, and sore at heart;
Though e'en the bitter tear did start;
She had that look which limners love,
To give the blessed saint above!
A nearer came and viewed the sprite,
Her eyes, I ween, were passing bright,
And e'en the falling chrystal tear
Did in her eyes more bright appear.
She started—when I bade her tell,
By what stern fate, most dire and fell,
Her tears did flow so thick and fast,
And why such grief should e'er be cast
Round one, who seemed not formed to bear
Of bitter, bitter grief, such share.
She spoke in voice of angel tone,
While did the winds around us moan!

I.

The morn was fair, the sun shone bright,
The blue waves silent were;

The ship was strong ; her timbers tight ;
No storm her planks could stir.

II.

A kiss—a sigh—a glance—a tear—
And he was gone, yes, gone !
And I was left—left lonely here,
A maiden all forlorn !

III.

He told me that he soon would come,
All o'er the waters blue,
To find me here, in this my home,
To love and him full true !

IV.

But yester-eve some one did say,
His gallant ship did sink,
Amid the briny, watery spray,
And many too did think,
My Edward lost his precious life,
When the deep azure wave
Did conquer, in its fatal strife,
The good, the great and brave !

V.

But since to you all things are known,
Tell me if aught you know,
Where, where my love's true soul hath flown,
Whether the waves below,
Or whether some kind friend did save
His loving soul from Death.
If 'tis not so, I only crave,
Thee now to take my breath!

VI.

For I can never bear to live,
Without his faithful love,
And if he's dead—my soul I'll give
Unto the Gods above.

She ceased to speak ; and glad was I
To dry the tear within her eye.
And thus to her I quickly spake,
Her bitter woe full soon to break.

Fair Maid! it is with joy I say to thee,
That I from Death your Edward's soul did free.
I saw his lusty ship sink 'neath the wave,
And then I stretched my potent arm to save.
And if you now will follow me,
I will present thy love to thee.

Since I did leave him in a grove,
Not far from thee, his only love!
And there he lies, enchained by sleep;
And thou thy vigils there must keep.
For he will wake full soon, and then
All woe will end and every pain.

IV.

I led, Most Potent Queen, the maid
Unto the sweet, refreshing shade;
Where sleep did hold her lover dear,
And sleep that was to death full near.
But when, at last, he oped his eye,
And saw the maiden standing by,
He scarce believed the joyous sight,
It seemed a vision of the Night.
Yet up he rose; and that fair girl,
Rich in many a jetty curl,
He clasped in fervour to his breast.
While she her faithful love confest!

His tones no more I heard upon the evening breeze,
And I concluded that his tale of love was done;
'Twas truly so—the angel had now ceased to speak,
And others rose, their tender songs, in turn to sing.
While patient did their potent chief attend each one,

Till all had ended their sweet songs, and she arose,
And with a sign the fairies vanished, and I saw,
No longer fairy forms, but wide and sterile fields,
I roused me from my dream and homeward went my way.
And on that fairy's head the golden crown shall fall,
Whom thou, kind reader, think'st most worthy of the gift.

SHELLS.

FAR in the depths of ocean hidden,
There stands a lovely cave,
Which, when by fairy order bidden,
Shines brightly 'neath the wave.
Full sweetly decked with many a shell,
It seems a sea-nymph's home.
List, ye mortals, while the fate I tell,
Of one who there did roam.
'Twas on a sweet summer evening bright,
A maiden walked alone,
Seeking shells by the starry twilight,
When she heard a feeble moan,
And, lo! a sea-nymph rose in splendour,
With happy words and accents tender,
Thus to the wandering maid he spoke,
While sweet echoes o'er the wavelets broke!

Sweet Maiden fair, who roamest here
With pensive step so sad and lone,
Oh, hear my prayer, while echoes there,
O'er the dark sea do join their tone !

Grant me a shell, thy love to tell,
To deck my home 'neath Ocean's wave,
And when I go to depths below,
Come with me where no tempests rave.

Then thou shalt be from sorrow free,
And sea-nymphs shall attend thee round ;
To me belong the streams of song,
In which undying joys are found.

'Then come with me, thou Maiden free,
And taste the sweets of Ocean's joy,
For sorrow ne'er comes there or fear,
No cares harassing shall annoy.

Thus spoke the youth of golden hair,
To the maid who wandering there,
Seeking the little shells so bright,
By the sweet, soothing starry light.
When in accents soft the maid replied,
To the Sea God standing in the tide.

Fair King of the Ocean and Gem of the Sea,
I view thee with favour and love,
I cherish thine offer so pure and so free,
Through Ocean with thee will I rove.

Thus spoke the maiden wandering lone,
By the shining waves that feebly moan,
And sped away to Ocean's cave,
Which the strong tides are wont to lave.

See ye yon cave so glittering bright,
Sweetly shining in mid-ocean's light,
See ye the maid the God besought,
To own that cave so richly fraught,
Mid the shells toiling night and day,
Wearing her precious life away?

Thus in tearful smiles young love betrays
Each poor hapless mortal that e'er strays
Too near the banks of his limpid stream,
That shines with many a beauteous beam,
Till in mournful tears they ever weep
For the fate they now are bound to keep.
Oh, then keep thee clear of Love's young beam,
For things are not always what they seem.

TO H. H. C.

My soul breathes low its parting sigh for thee,
Friend of my earlier, happier days,
Who cheered my heart, when billowy was the sea
Of woe, that met my anxious gaze !

A comforter thou wert in all my grief,
And partner of my every joy,
Oft hast thou granted me thy sweet relief,
Which hurrying time can ne'er destroy.

Together we have joyed—so too we sighed—
Our joys and griefs have been the same,
We've loved as much, tho' many men belied
Sweet friendship's dear and sacred name.

Dear friend ! my soul would fain defer the time
That bids us part, perhaps fore'er ;
But, ah ! I hear the doleful, farewell chime,
Which I would rather never hear.

We part, indeed, and who can say how long
'Twill be before we meet again,
When far we're borne upon the current strong,
That waits us in this world of pain.

While now my soul breathes out its last farewell,
'Twould burst, 'twould rend my aching heart,
The speechless sadness of my mind to tell,
As thus from thee I'm called to part!

Dear friends, beloved by me, I leave behind,
Who cost my heart some bitter pangs,
But thou alone in joy and grief wert kind!
Alas! the grief that round me hangs!

Good-bye! What sadness is there in that tone,
To hearts that dearly, truly love;
What more than grief to feel oneself alone,
While darkened seems e'en Heaven above.

Though many leagues of sea between us roll,
I'll think of thee with truthful love,
For miles cannot the immortal soul control,
Or make the spirit cease to love.

I bid thee now a long and last adieu,
Thou friend of early, joyous hours,
May changing Fortune ever smile on you,
And pleasure crown your fleeting hours.

MEMORY.

SWEET memory gilds our former years,
And misery from the heart it tears ;

It tells of joy,

Without alloy !

When sick and tired the heart feels sad,
Rest can from Memory's font be had.
For golden sunbeams shine around,
And childhood's happy sports abound !

It truly is a welcome voice
That makes the trembling heart rejoice ;

It tells of love,

From springs above.

'Tis sweet to think in hours of loneliness,
Of childhood's sports and happiness,
For Memory bids the sorrowing heart rejoice,
With all the sweetness of a mother's voice !

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

I.

WHEN all the earth is hushed in slumber,
And brightly beams the moon above,
The god-lit stars I love to number,
That thro' the archéd sky do move.
They speak of a world far, far away,
A precious country free from care,
Ever happy in a golden day—
How oft I wish that I was there !

II.

'Tis a precious sight indeed to see,
Those lovely little balls of light,
Which do cheer the sky so brilliantly,
And ever shine so sweetly bright.
'Tis meet that they are fixed in Heaven,
To shine around th' Almighty throne,
For unto them such light is given
That suits the starry Heavens above.

POEMS OF THE AFFECTION.

"WHEN STARS SHONE BRIGHT."

WHEN stars shone bright,
With precious light,
Between the moonbeams pale,
I watched the sky,
With eager eye,
And dreamt this dreary tale.

When twilight sweet
Thine eyes doth meet,
Then think thee of thy love,
This is the hour,
When love's soft power
Comes on us from above.

Oh, it is then
Thou'lt feel the pain
Of unrequited love,
For ah, 'tis true,
She loves not you,
As truly as you love.

When Ebon night,
With balmy might,
Holds forth her powerful sway,
Oh, think thee then,
Once, once, again,
Of her who cheers thy day!

But when the hour
Of day's bright power
Shall lighten on the world,
Thou'lt feel again
Love's direst pain,
In bitterest sorrow hurled.

I wake from sleep
And vigils keep
The night's sad hours along,
And then my heart,
Pierced by love's dart,
Searches my thoughts among.

The cause to find,
Why thus unkind,
My love should turn away,
But nothing there,
Can dry my tear
Or lend one cheering ray.

No flickering light,
Beams on my sight,
My dear one's love to gain,
My weary heart
Must feel the dart
Of love's unending pain.

Sad is the heart,
Whose better part,
Has fled fore'er away,
No skill at all
Can e'er recall
To it one happy ray !

TO ———

I.

Ye sprites that hover in fair Venus' train !
Plead ye my suit with her I love,
Oh breathe ye forth your sweetest sounding strain,
While angels join you from above.

II.

Tell her my thoughts are hers in twilight hour,
When twinkling stars full sweetly shine,

Tell her at eve I feel the endearing power.
Of joys that make my spirit pine !

III.

Speak ye in gentle accents to my love,
Oh, speak with all the power of song ;
Tell her my heart is her's where'er I rove,
In quiet rest or wanderings long.

IV.

Bid ye the sweetest strain of song to flow,
My never-dying love to tell,
Speak ye, oh, speak in whispering tones and low,
Each eve at sound of Vesper bell !

V.

Tell her my soul's sad fear and sorrow,
Lest she should spurn my loving heart,
Tell her how I fear that each to-morrow
May bring the tidings that we part.

VI.

And if, when you have told her all my heart,
She spurn my faithful love away ;
Then quickly bring ye death's empoisoned dart,
And darken life's uncheering ray.

VII.

But if when you have told—I love her well—
She turn not scornfully away,
To me the joyful tidings quickly tell,
And sing your sweetest breathing lay.

VIII.

Go then, ye Sprites! with blessings on your road,
To her I love—go—fare ye well—
Go ye and hover round her blessed abode,
My never-ending love to tell.

TO ———

A ROSE may fade, and yet a fresh one spring
To gladden its demise ;
A weary bird may pause upon the wing,
And yet again arise :
But hopeless love a respite ne'er can find
From bitter woes that throng before—behind.

I first saw her—not in the crowded halls,
Where fashion's vot'ries dwell,
At princely parties or at courtly balls,
Where flounces the gay belle ;

But in her home, with all her friends around.
'Twas then, oh, then my heart to hers I bound.

And my young thoughts were gay as Eden's bird,
As we together sate,
Alas, that even then I might have heard
The unchanging voice of fate :
That mine was unrequited, unwished love,
And that my tears her heart could never move.

Ah, then, perchance, I had not shed these tears,
These bitter tears of woe.
But now 'tis over—and my worst of fears
Has come to lay me low.
She loves me not—what anguish in those words
There is—that pierces deeper than keen swords.

Yet, though, alas, I never can be loved,
Let me ne'er cease to love,
Though my sad song her heart hath never moved,
From her ne'er may I rove.
Though sure that I shall ever love in vain,
Ne'ertheless, loving eases my sad pain.

TO ———

WHEN moonlight rays were streaming
O'er the hills and seas afar,
Golden light, from heaven beaming,
Came from every little star.
And when I heard the midnight bell,
I thought of her I loved so well.

When morning, in sweet tints of gold,
Softly lit the Eastern sky,
Where light its airy realm did hold,
And the night's dark sway passed by,
When birds in song their joy did tell,
I thought of her I loved so well.

When twilight came—endearing hour!
Of bright moonbeams sweet and mild,
Each living being felt the power
Of softness over nature's wild,
When rang the dying day's last knell,
I thought of her I loved so well.

At morn, at eve—at night—I think
Of the being that I love,
Now standing on the ocean's brink

My eye, on heaven, fixed above
For the last time my love I'd tell,
And die for her I loved so well!

TO ———

I.

THE prisoned slave in sorrow mourns
His primal freedom gone ;
And as each blushing morn returns
And finds him all alone,
He sorrows in his prison's bars
And sighs for freedom's bliss,
And when do shine the twinkling stars,
His bitterest woe is this,—
That now within those servile walls
He is a fettered slave,
And when he hears the sentry's calls
It makes him almost rave.

II.

Thus my fond heart a prisoner is
In love's strong silken chains ;
'Tis mine to feel the woe, not bliss,
Of what that God ordains.

In fruitless love I sigh away
My life's young buoyant hour,
Not gladdened e'en by one dear ray
Of His almighty power.
Oh, ye who watch the fates of man !
Look down ! in pity look ;
And ease my torturing, aching, pain,
My woes write in thy book !

TO ———

BESIDE a chrystal stream, that glistened in the light
Of Luna's softest ray,
A beateous lily grew, with hue of snowy white,
Its stem knew not decay.
Anon, it raised its humble head in air full high,
Then bent it to the storm.
No one, unheeding, passed that snow-white lily by,
For lovely was its form.
But when the winds their fury o'er its head did pour,
And dark was Luna's beam,
It gently laid its drooping form, to rise no more,
Within its mother stream.

May thou, my fair one, like that precious lily stand,
 With gentle heart, but bold,
While changing seasons o'er thee roll in fleeting band.
 Oh, may thou bear the cold,
The piercing, bitter cold of human grief and woe,
 If sadly it must come,
With humble faith, not seeking solace here below,
 But looking to thy home
On high, where angels weep thy grief to see ;
 And when beneath the sod
They lay the low, thine everlasting home will be
 The bosom of thy God !

But should prosperity thy path on earth attend
 With every pleasure bright,
May Heaven, from Satan's snares, thy spotless soul defend,
 And guide thy mind aright,
So that when thy soul to the unseen world shall fly,
 And Life's short day be done,
The spirits round the throne in joining song may cry,
 One angel more is won.
And what though myriad ages roll on ages then,
 Thy deathless soul is saved,
And it will be redeemed, removed from Earth and men,
 In chrystal waters laved !

"THE NIGHT WHEN FIRST WE MET."

I.

THE night when first we met! Ah, who can tell
The joy my happy heart felt then;
When first within Love's outstretched arms I fell,
Never to rise from them again.

II.

The night when first we met! Each little star
In twinkling beauty bright and clear,
Seemed to shine purer from its Heaven afar,
Within the blue etherial air!

III.

All around each lovely thing seemed singing
Of her beauty and her worth,
And the shining moon her tribute bringing,
Blushed deeply to confess her truth.

IV.

Those sparkling eyes the Angels from on High
Admired and thought them God's own light,
Those airy limbs that thro' the dance did fly,
All, all bewitched the gazer's sight.

V.

And such was she the night when first we met,
With happy face of youthful mirth ;
Bright were her eyes beneath their fringe of jet,
So bright they seemed not of this Earth.

VI.

And then her voice, melodiously sweet,
As it parted the perfumed air,
Spake words as soft as those when angels meet,
Again their blissful love to share.

VII.

Ah ! who can deem it strange that I did love
This being of a better sphere,
Over all earthborn dwellers raised above,
A being to its Maker near.

VIII.

Ye mild and gracious Heavens ! smile on one
Who gives his little all to love,
Though life's uncertain sands have just begun ;
Oh, smile ye on him from above !

IX.

Ye mighty powers that guide the ways of man,
Oh, bless her too in beauty bright :

Round her let lightsome airy breezes fan,
The sweetest perfume of the night.

X.

Let every blessing shine around her way,
And let her life unclouded be,
May she from blissful happiness ne'er stray,
And live from every sorrow free !

TO —

LET others praise thy form of matchless grace,
Let others laud thy beaming eye,
But be it mine in thy clear mind to trace
The likeness of Divinity.

For Earthly charms too soon, alas, may fade,
And beauty vanish as a cloud,
For all that's bright, the poet says, was made
But to be wrapt in ruin's shroud.

Yet still should all Earth's beauties pass away,
And charms once yours on winglets fly,
Beware lest from thy mind thou lose one ray
Of what was lent thee from on high.

For what are all the graces Earth can give,
If through this weary world we plod,
Not knowing what we are, or why we live,
Without a mind—the gift of God.'

Then guard that priceless treasure which is thine,
Preserve it well, and it will make thee shine
The brightest one amid the throng of Earth.
But let it go—and all thy charms will be
Only a sting and a reproach to thee,
A spot upon the 'scutcheon of thy birth!

S O N G .

THOUGH roses bloom and fade away,
Though pleasures quickly fly,
To you, my love, I vow to-day,
"I change but when I die."

Talk not to me of slighted love,
Of so-called constancy,
More constant than the gentle dove,
"I change but when I die."

Though on a far-off, distant shore,
I pass my moments by,
I will forget thee never more,
“ I change but when I die.”

Believe me, then, that I am true ;
Wherever I may hie,
My loving heart points still to you,
“ I change but when I die.”

The ardent, burning, Heavenly Love,
That beams within mine eye,
Tells thee, by all the Powers above,
“ I change but when I die.”

—————
TO ———

THE stars that sweetly shine above,
The moon that sheds its light,
By borrowed splendor bright,
All make me think of her I love.
In pensive thought I wander oft
By the deep river's shore,
When day's bright realm is o'er,
And gaze upon the stars aloft,

Because in them methinks I see
Her sparkling bright eyes shine on me.

But, ah, those stars so bright above,
Tell me I need not try,
To gain one tender sigh,
While still they tell me that I love!
'Tis a sad lot to mortals given,
To love, but love in vain;
Ah! who can tell the pain
That waits the heart so harshly riven!
Living a life of hopeless grief,
That, seeking, finds not a relief.

TO ———

WHEN other lips more dear than mine,
Shall woo and win thy love,
When other smiles more sweet shall shine,
And other sighings move,
Then think of him who loved thee best,
In sunny shine or rain,
Who deemed himself supremely blest,
If but one word he'd gain.

When other men, of Fashion's train,
Their earth-born love declare,
Remember then the aching pain
That doth my bosom share.
And if the Fates should so decree,
That we part forever,
Then my prayer to high Heaven shall be,
That thou weep'st not ever ;

That thy life be one ceaseless shine
Of happiness and joy,
And tho' my sorrows make me pine,
Thee let them ne'er annoy.
For I shall never breathe my woe
To aught of mortal birth,
My sighs to Heaven shall ever go,
And not to faithless Earth.

FAREWELL.

I.

Oh, fare thee well, dear idol of my heart,
I am going from thee now,
To-morrow brings the tidings that we part,
Stern the fate to which I bow.

II.

Many a day and week shall glide
To the eternal shores of night,
E'er once more standing at thy side,
I may view thine eyes so bright.

III.

Thou maiden fair ! List to me now,
While bending at thy sweet shrine,
Humbly I breathe my earnest vow,
That forever I'll be thine.

IV.

Though sylph-like fays should hover o'er me,
And sweet beauty shine around,
Though lovely forms should flit before me,
Faithful I will still be found.

V.

No beauty now could e'er enslave me,
For my heart is fondly thine,
With all the love that Heaven e'er gave me,
Love I that sweet form of thine !

VI.

The time has come for us to part,
Tear-drops glisten in mine eye,

Grief rules within my aching heart,
All my joys away do fly !

VII.

But hope the bright goal keeps in view,
Of our meeting soon again,
Where we may all our joys renew,
And drive away dull pain.

L O V E .

HIGH on the mountain top, and in the grove,
Thou ever art the same, Almighty Love !

In castle grand, or peasant's cot,
In oaken hall, or leafy grot,
Thou ne'er, oh, ne'er canst be forgot !

'Tis sweet to hear fond woman's sigh,

In love's dear, plaintive tone,

'Tis sweet to see the moistened eye,

The ruby, blushing cheek.

But, oh, far sweeter still it is,

To know she sighs for thee,

To feel, indeed, the hallowed bliss,

Of woman's constancy !

'Twas Love that won great Jove from Heaven,
To one of mortal mould,
By him, the means to us was given,
Of happiness untold.
No heart so hard but Love can soften,
No mind too bold or strong ;
The great and brave he gains full often,
Amid his joyous throng !

"NO MORE !"

THE word is said, the farewell spoken,
And hearts are sad and drear,
The silken tie of Love is broken,
Old friends are left and dear.
Deepest griefs are felt, ne'er felt before,
We mourn o'er joys all past,
Sad and mournful flow the words "No more,"
From hearts with grief o'er-cast.
"No more" we'll meet in friendly greeting,
As oft in days of yore,
"No more" for us love kindly meeting
Shall bless us as before.
"No more" the pleasant evening strolling
O'er meadows sweetly bright ;

While time its hurrying car was rolling,
 And brought the starry light.
 Dreary, solemn tones, "No more!" "No more!"
 For aye indeed we part,
 Mournful sadness never known before,
 Comes o'er this aching heart;
 Flow on then, ye melting numbers flow!
 And help me to deplore.
 For deep shrouded in heart-piercing woe,
 My heart lisps out "No more!"
 "No more" for me with thee to wander,
 Led by thy friendly hand,
 While every moment made us fonder;
 Fate bids me leave this land!

* * * *

"No more" thy hand that holds thy heart
 In lingering farewell given;
 "No more!" Oh, solemn tones! We part;
 Our dearest ties are riven.

We part, and we shall meet "No more,"
 Upon this dreary strand,
 Sad griefs we feel, ne'er felt before,
 We clasp the farewell hand.

Ah ! when shall we two meet again ?

Ask ye yon restless wind,
That o'er the blue deep's pathless main,
No steady home can find !

Ask ye the waves that wildly roar,
Upon the desert strand,
And they will say, "No more," "No more,"
Upon this earthly land !

But what though we "No more" should meet
Here on our sinful land ;
And what though we "No more" should greet
Each with a welcome hand ?

There is a land of sweeter bliss,
A land beyond the tomb,
And flowers that spring and bud in this,
There find immortal bloom.

For there our friendships ne'er will end,
And forever will we love,
And heart with heart will ever blend,
In that beauteous land above.

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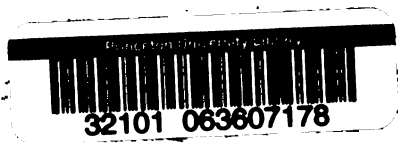
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